

*Nym.* I shall haue my Noble?

*Pist.* In cash, most iustly payd.

*Nym.* Well, then that the humor of.

*Enter Hostesse.*

*Host.* As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir John: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The King hath ran bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

*Pist.* *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carceres.

*Pist.* Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will lue.

*Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.*

*Bed.* Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors *Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes sat.

*Bed.* Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

*Sound Trumpets.*

*Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.*

*King.* Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masbham,

And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs

Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte,

For which we haue in head assembled them.

*Sero.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*King.* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence,

That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish

Success and Conquest to attend on vs.

*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Majesty; there's not I thinke a subiect

That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

*King.* True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you

With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand

Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

*Sero.* So seruice shall with Steele finewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant seruices.

*King.* We Iudge no lesse, Vnkle of Exeter, Inlarge the man committed yesterday,

That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excessiue of Wine that set him on,

And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

*Sero.* That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too. *Gray.* Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

*King.* Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heavy Orisons' gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appear before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care, And tender preferuation of our person

Would haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

*Cam.* I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

*Sero.* So did you me my Liege. *Gray.* And my Royall Soueraigne.

*King.* Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Masbham, and Sir Knight

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:

Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apparence.

*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

*Gray.* Sero. To which we all appeale.

*King.* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By your owne counsaile is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,

These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord

To furnish with all appetiments Belonging to his Honour; and this man,

Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the praefices of France.

To kill vs heere in Hampron. To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to vs

Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell,

Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my countsailes,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,

Would'st thou haue praetis'd on me, for thy vie? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer

Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder, euer kept together, As two yooke diuels sworne to eithers purpose,

Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not hopee at them.

But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do borch and bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht From glitt'ring semblances of piety:

But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,

Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, He might returne to valthe Tartar hake,

And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans.

Oh, how hast thou with ielousie infected The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,

Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?

Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,

Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger, Constant in spirit, not tweruing with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, without the care,

And but in purged iudgement trusting neither, Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme:

And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and best indued

With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee. For this result of thine, me thinkes is like

Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arrest them to the answer of the Law,

And God acquit them of their practises.

*Exe.* I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Masbham.

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of Thomas Gray, Knight of Northumberland.

*Sero.* Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd, And I repent my fault more then my death,

Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue, Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me, the Gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit it as a motive,

The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for preuention,

Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

*Gray.* Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,

Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe, Preuention from a damned enterprize;

My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

*King.* God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,

Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Receyvd the Golden Earnest of Our death:

Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,

His Subiects to oppression, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation:

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,

Wholuerne you fought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,

(Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exe.*

Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way, To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But euery Rubbe is smoothened on our way. Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer

Our Puissance into the hand of God, Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance, No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

*Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.*

*Hostesse.* Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

*Pistoll.* No: for my manly heart doth erue. *Bardolph,* be blythe: *Nim*, rowie thy vaunting Veines: *Boy*, bristle thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must

erne therefore.

*Bard.* Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is, cyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

*Hostesse.* Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had bene any Christome

Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was

as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *John* (quothe I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,

to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they

were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nim.* They say he cryed out of Sack.

*Hostesse.* I, that a did.

*Bard.* And of Women.

*Hostesse.* Nay, that a did not.

*Boy.* Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate.

*Woman.* A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Coloure he neuer lik'd.

*Boy.* A said once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

*Hostesse.* A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon *Bardolphs* Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

*Bard.* Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.

*Nim.* Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Mouebables. Let Senecs rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Cauteo*, bee thy Counsaile. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke,

fellows in Armes, let vs to France, like *Hostesse* leeches

leeches